

Nobody knew exactly how it happened, but in a flash the bottle had crashed through a window at the further end of the room, the young man lay sprawling on the floor, and Frazer, white and trembling, was turning away at the crank as usual.

The joker did not care to carry his fun any further, so he withdrew; but the affair caused considerable talk among his set.

"I tell you, fellers," said Reddington, "Frazer's got the hankerin' yet, an' don't you forget it, else he wouldn't have got so white and trembly like. I bet he dassen't look a glass of rum square in the face."

"Do you really think so?" asked a tall, fair-haired young man, with a strange eagerness in his question.

"Yes, sir, I do! He ain't no fool, an' he knew that if he didn't get that stuff out of the way quicker than lightning' he'd be a goner. But I bet he has to fight sometimes."

"How do you suppose he does it?" inquired the young man.

"Oh! I don't know; will-power, I suppose. A man can do what he will, you know."

The other made no answer, but walked slowly away.

Noon-time came. The young man sat down to his cold dinner and ate slowly. He had hardly finished when a boy slipped quietly in through the "grinding-room" with a workman's pail in one hand. Without a word he poured some liquor out of it into the young man's tin cup and departed. He was the son of a man who kept a low groggery near by, and he supplied the men with spirits each noon.

"Can will-power do it?" thought he, as he sat and toyed with the cup. "After I drink this, I think I will try it," he said to himself.

"Try it now, try it now," said an inward voice; but the thirst was on him. It seemed to him that if it could be gratified only that once he would never feel the temptation again, but would find it easy to say, I won't, and stick to it. So he drank it. The afternoon wore slowly away. He seemed the same to his fellow-workmen, but not to himself. His self-respect had received a severe blow. With firm-set lips he resolved not to touch a drop the next noon. With this resolve in his mind he toyed with the liquor longer than usual, smelt of it, and with a great effort put it down, took it up again, simply to rinse his mouth with it, and gulped it all down.

Day after day he struggled, loth to own that he was a slave to his appetite, and yet growing more and more under its sway.

In the extremity to which he became reduced he remembered Frazer and his temptation, and resolved to ask him about his struggles.

"Frazer," said he, "did you ever drink a glass of liquor?"

The old man turned and gave him a long searching look.

"Why do you seek to pry into my affairs, young man?" said he.

"Because," replied the other tremulously, "the boys say that you once loved it, but had broken away. I love it, and I hate it, but I can't get away from it. I've done my very best, but I can't live without it. Must I fill a drunkard's grave?"

The voice had a despairing ring in it that was genuine. The old man's eyes were full of tears.

"Have you asked help anywhere else?"

"No."

"Have you not a praying mother?"

"Yes, yes; but I sinned away my hope years ago. There is nothing for me there," returned the other.

"You are wrong, foolishly, willfully wrong," said Frazer with energy. "What does *willfully* mean? Doesn't it mean you and me? What does *every one* mean? Doesn't it take in a drunkard? I'm an old man, and I've been a bad man and a hard drinker. I tried every way but the right, and found myself beaten. At last I tried this one true way, and now I can conquer. Take an old man's advice, boy, and get the only help that is to be found. You know where to find it. You have heard the story many times. This may be your last chance."

"Yes, I suppose you are right, but it is the day by day that I fear. How can you fight all the time?"

"Stoop down here and look," said Frazer.

The young man did so, and saw on the inner edge of the great wheel passage after passage of Scripture moving slowly around, seen only by the old man.

"That is my Bible," said Frazer. "When I feel tempted I begin and read the verses as fast as they come around, and within a very little time the temptation is all gone. The fact is, my boy, if any man wants to keep straight and quell his appetites and sinful longings he must keep the Bible before him in some way. I have my way, and it keeps me, and it can keep you or anybody else. Only for your life don't grow cold and neglectful of the Word of God. Honor it, love it, and read it as the voice of God, the counsel of your Father, the armor that only can keep you safe."—*Temperance Banner*.

HOW THE WIFE FELT.

A man at whose house I was a guest told me that he had been a hard drinker, and a cruel husband; had beaten his poor wife till she had become used to it.

"But," he said, "the very moment I signed the pledge I thought of my wife—what will my wife say to this? Strange that I should think of my wife the first thing I did. As I was going home, I said to myself, 'Now if I go home and tell her I've signed the pledge, she'll faint away, or she'll up and do something; and I must break the news to her by degrees. Only think of it. Why, the night before I'd knocked her down, just as like as not, if she hadn't looked to please me, and now I am planning to break good news to her, for fear it would upset her.'"

As near as I could gather from what he told me, he found his wife sitting over the embers, waiting for him. As he came into the house, he said:

"Nancy, I think that——"

"Well Ned, what is it?"

"Well, I think I shall—that is—I mean to—to—Nancy, I mean——"

"What is the matter, Ned? Anything the matter?"

"Yes," said he, "the matter is just this—I have signed the temperance pledge—and so help me God, I will keep it."

"She started to her feet and did faint away. I was just in time to catch her; and as she lay in my arms, her eyes shut, and her face so pale, thinks I she's dead; and I have done it now. But she was not dead; she opened her eyes, and then she put her arms around my neck; and I did not know she was so strong, as she pulled and pulled till she got me down; where I hadn't been for thirty years, on my knees. Then she said: 'O God, help my poor Ned, and strengthen him to keep his pledge!' and I hollered 'Amen!' just as loud as I could holler. That was the first time we ever knelt together, but it was not the last."—*Baltimore Weekly*.

BUSTIN' THE TEMPERANCE MAN.

Hoarsely demanding "Gimme a drink!"

He sidled up to the bar,
And he handled his glass with the air of one
Who had often before "been thar;"
And a terrible glance shot out of his eyes,
And over his hearers ran
As he muttered, "I'm hangin' around the town
Fer to bust that temperance man!"

"I've heerd he's a comin' with singin' and sich
And prayin' and heaps of talk;
And allows he'll make all fellows what drink
Toe square to the temprance chalk,
I reckon"—and here he pulled out a knife
That was two feet long or more,
And he handled his pistols familiarly,
While the crowd made a break for the door.

The good man came and his voice was kind,
And his ways were meek and mild;
"But I'm going to bust him," the roarer said,
"Jess wait till he gits me riled."
When he playfully felt of his pistol belt,
And took up his place on the stage,
And waited in wrath for the temperance man
To further excite his rage.

But the orator didn't; he wasn't that sort,
For he talked right straight to the heart,
And somehow or other the roarer felt
The trembling tear drops start.
And he thought of the wife who had loved him well,
And the children that climbed his knee,
And he said, as the terrible pictures were drawn,
"He's got it kerrect—that's me!"

Then his thoughts went back to the years gone by,
When his mother had kissed his brow,
As she tearfully told of the evils of drink,
And he made her a solemn vow,
That he never should touch the poisonous cup
Which had ruined so many before;
And the tears fell fast as he slowly said:
"He's ketchin' me more and more!"

He loosened his hold on his pistols and knife,
And covered his streaming eyes,
And though it was homely, his prayer went up—
Straight up to the starlit skies.
Then he signed his name to the temperance pledge,
And holding it high, said he,
"I came here to bust that temperance chap,
But I reckon he's busted me."—*Morning and Day of Reform*